

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,  
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deede  
We must with all our Maiestie and skill  
Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne*,  
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,  
*Hamlet* in madnes hath *Polonius* slaine,  
And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,  
Goe seeke him out, speake sayre, and bring the body  
Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this,  
Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wisest friends,  
And let them know both what we meane to doe  
And whats vntimely doone,  
Whose whisper ore the worlds dyameter,  
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanch,  
Transports his poyfined shot, may misse our Name,  
And hit the woundlesse ayre, o come away,  
My soule is full of discord and dismay.

*Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, and others.*

*Ham.* Safely stowd, but soft, what noyse, who calls on *Hamlet*?  
O heere they come.

*Ros.* What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?

*Ham.* Compound it with dust whereto tis kin.

*Ros.* Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,  
And beare it to the Chappell.

*Ham.* Doe not beleue it.

*Ros.* Beleue what.

*Ham.* That I can keepe your counsaile & not mine owne, besides  
to be demaunded of a sponge, what replycation should be made by  
the sonne of a King.

*Ros.* Take you me for a sponge my Lord?

*Ham.* I sir, that sokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his  
authorities, but such Officers doe the King best service in the end, he  
keepe them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be  
last swallowed, when hee needs what you haue gleand, it is but squee-  
sing you, and sponge you shall be dry againe.

*Ros.* I vnderstand you not my Lord.

*Ham.* I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepe in a foolish care.

*Ros.* My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs  
to the King.

*Hamlet.*

Prince of Denmarke.

*Ham.* The body is with the King, but the King is not with the  
body. The King is a thing.

*Guy.* A thing my Lord.

*Ham.* Of nothing, bring me to him.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter King, and two or three.*

*King.* I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body,  
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,  
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him,  
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,  
V Who like not in their iudgement, but they eyes,  
And where tis so, th'offenders scourge is wayed  
But neuer the offence: to beare all smooth and euen,  
This suddaine sending him away must seeme  
Deliberate pause, diseases desperat growne,  
By desperat applyance are relieu'd  
Or not at all.

*Enter Rosencrans and all the rest.*

*King.* How now, what hath befallne?

*Ros.* Where the dead body is bestowd my Lord

V Ve cannot get from him.

*King.* But where is hee?

*Ros.* Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

*King.* Bring him before vs.

*Ros.* How, bring in the Lord.

*They enter.*

*King.* Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

*Ham.* At supper.

*King.* At supper, where.

*Ham.* Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conua-  
cation of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your onely  
Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs, and yee fat our  
selues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but varia-  
ble seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

*King.* Alas, alas.

*Ham.* A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King, &  
eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.

*King.* King. V What doost thou meane by this?

*Ham.* Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progresse  
through

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